All Starts with a Kiss

I get asked all the time how I ended up in catfighting. People find me cute and innocent looking, and can't imagine me yanking out some other girl's hair or tearing her clothes off. All I can say is that I didn't quite expect to end up fighting other girls for a living either, and was surprised to find out how much I enjoyed it!

It started out simply enough. As a college student at Brown I partied too hard and spent too much, finding out quickly that I needed more money than my scholarship could provide. My girlfriend danced at a nearby strip-club called Foxy Lady, and she introduced me to lap dancing as a way to pay the bills.

I was nervous about it, but she took me to the club one night to watch her dance. As I watched her bump and grind against the dance-pole, lit by the lights and tracked by the eyes of men and women alike, something happened to me. First, I was finding myself feeling aroused. And second, I had a growing, secret feeling that I could do it better than her! Looking back, I guess that was the first time I started to get excited about the idea of competing with (and even dominating) other women.

Kim, my friend, beckoned me to join her on stage. She winked at me as she took a spin on the pole, and then licked her lips playfully at me while dragging me onto the stage with both hands. Now I was on the spot! I was nervous before, but now I was almost shaking with stage fright.

Kim was really good at putting me at ease, though. She let me keep my clothes on as she danced around, under and over me. She rubbed up against my back, her hands on my hips, and showed me how to move to music. She took my hands and guided them across my breasts, stomach, and thighs. I was so pre-occupied that I almost didn't notice that the dollar bills were just flying up onto the stage by now.

Almost too soon, the song was over. Kim kissed me gently on the lips (much to the delight of the crowd), and handed me half of the money that our little act had generated. By the time she had disappeared behind the stage curtain, I knew I wanted to do this…or at least I thought I did.

After my impromptu audition, it was easy to convince the club owner to sign me up. My first week didn't go very well. While I enjoyed dancing with Kim on stage (we had refined our act to a T), I was awkward with the male customers. I hadn't yet had my first sapphic experience, but I knew I was more attracted to the women than the men by that point. But by the end of the week I learned not to think about it, and I was doing as well or better than the other girls in the club.

Slippery When Wet

When Saturday rolled around, there was something I hadn't seen before at the club. Every week a group of the girls put on a hot-cream and hot-oil wrestling show. They chose the most athletic girls for this show, and Kim was one of them.

They had cleared one of the stages, and laid down some padding and a plastic tarp. The audience gathered around the pit to bid on the girls for the privilege of oiling them down and standing in their corner. Kim was first up, a blonde this weekend (she loved to change her hair color), and she looked great in her sleek, black mono-kini. The outfit wouldn't do much to hold in her breasts, but then again that was the point of it all.

Of course the whole show is rigged. The girls flip a coin on who is meant to lose the match that night, and the moves were practiced so everybody knew how to act and react. Kim's opponent, Sheila, was to lose tonight.

Sheila arrived, parading past the whistling and hooting audience to sit in her corner opposite Kim. Her auburn hair was tied back, and her one-piece swimsuit was cut low in front to reveal her sizeable cleavage. The money flew as the M.C. drummed up the crowd, and soon Kim and Sheila were being oiled down in preparation for the match.

They put on a great show. Both girls rolled around, pulled each other into pretzel like contortions, screamed at the right times, slapped each other, pulled each other's tops off, and all the while threw their best hateful glares at each other while trash-talking, spitting and hissing. The ref had to pull them apart to end the match, and the audience loved it.

I loved it too. I loved the idea so much I asked if I could be in the lineup for next weekend. Kim laughed and volunteered to be my opponent, and the girls were agreed that I'd make a great addition to the team. Because of my girl-next-door looks, they decided I would be the "good girl" to Kim's "bad girl." They even picked out a Catholic schoolgirl outfit for me to wear to the match. After few simple practice sessions (or acting lessons, as it were), I was ready for my debut.

When the M.C. called my name, "Delicious Debbi," I stepped past the curtains and into the smoky lights and thundering music of the club. I was wearing my schoolgirl costume over a purple two-piece bikini that was so small that I was sure I was going to lose my top in the first round (normally you wait until the second). I've always had a naturally large chest, but I'm tall enough to carry it off without looking too top heavy. My long, brown hair swished against my back as I strode towards the pit. If this were a real fight, my hair would get me into trouble; but even after started fighting for real, I kept it long. Sort of a trademark or calling card, I suppose.

Even though I was supposed to lose tonight, I didn't mind losing to Kim. I couldn't help noticing, back in the dressing room, how beautiful she looked as she got dressed for the match. I remember staring at her as she pulled on that tight black mono-kini again, sliding it up over her full hips and up the crevice of her curvaceous ass, adjusting the should straps that lifted up her round, round tits and wiggling her feet into her high, black shoes. She caught me staring, and I blushed as she smiled.

The bidders were chosen, and I stripped out of my outfit (again my breasts were threatening to spill over my top as I undressed) to begin the match. There was no oiling this time, since we were wrestling in hot cream, but we gave our corner-men a warm-up show as we slithered and stretched in the white, foamy stuff. I swiveled to face Kim and, when she was looking, spread my legs and licked the cream off my index finger while I stared into her dark eyes. She retaliated by turning around, flashing her ass at me and pulling her thong aside to give me a glimpse of her shaven pussy. She threw a look at me over her shoulder, bemusedly watching my reaction.

The bell rang and we launched ourselves at each other.

"You fucking schoolgirl slut!" she taunted as she crashed into me.

We collided and went down in a rain of cream and flailing limbs. Kim sat on my back and yanked my hair, while I screamed appropriately and pounded my fists on the ground.

We battled back and forth. I slapped her hard a few times (overzealous?) and trapped her in a scissor-lock while I spanked that gorgeous ass of hers. She hollered and pushed at my legs, trying to escape the hold. As predicted, I popped out of my top, and Kim used that moment of my distraction to get out of the hold and push my legs back up over my head.

She drilled her eyes into mine as she straddled me, pushing my legs back almost to my shoulders now. I made a grab for her hair but she pulled back just in time and smirked at me, still holding my ankles as I thrashed on my back. I saw her eyes follow the "v" of my legs down to my bikini bottoms, and then she looked up and winked at me. There was a little wet spot on my bikini bottoms… I was wet, and getting more excited by the second!

Kim let go of one of my legs and waved her finger at me. "Naughty, naughty, little girl! You shouldn't have such thoughts." Then I watched as she took that accusatory, waving finger, slowly move it down to my crotch, tracing a line in my calves and thigh with her nail as she went. I was quivering as she hooked her finger underneath my thong, and slipped it into my hungry, wet pussy.

"Oooooo, so wet!" she exclaimed.

I was helpless and Kim inserted first two, and then four fingers inside me. She pulsed her hand in and out of my pussy, sending me rocking back and forth in the slippery cream. I heard moaning, and realized it was me making those mewling sounds! The crowd was strangely silent now that the show had developed into something more.

"Oh please…please fuck me!" I whispered to her breathlessly.

Kim reached up with her other hand and inserted her fingers into my mouth. I sucked at them desperately, moistening her fingers with my saliva. Taking her hand back, she trailed her fingers across my trembling lips, down my neck, and over my left breast as she continued pounding into me with her other hand. She made little wet circles around my nipple, and then suddenly pinched it hard. I yelped with surprise and nearly came, when she put her finger to her lips.

"Shhhhh, not yet."

She leaned over, still thrusting into me, and began to lick my open lips, teasing my tongue with hers, not letting me kiss her.

The booming club music was all around us, and we were lost in each other, ignoring the crowd that was now pushing forward to see more of us. Kim was still teasing me, and I couldn't wait any longer. I grabbed the hair I had missed just before, pulling her head down to me, and forced a deep, probing kiss out of her. She nipped at my lower lip and I bit her back. It was my turn to be aggressive! I grabbed her by her tits and forced her over onto her back. She gasped and smiled.

"Little girl has a temper," she exclaimed. "Ouch!"

I tugged at her nipples as I crept up onto her stomach, straddling her waist. I moved up slowly until my dripping pussy was over her breasts. I could feel her hard nipples pushing into my clit, and I used my hand to guide them back and forth over that sensitive area.

"Mmmmmmmmm!" was all I could get out as I bit at my lower lip in mounting ecstasy, sliding my clit back and forth across her bullet-like nipples.

With my other hand, I reached behind me to make sure Kim was receiving her share of attention as well. Kim was gasping and moaning as we rode each other like this, the hot cream invading every crack of our bodies as the slippery foam engulfed us in our lovemaking.

"Ooooooooooooh!" I came then, and suddenly. My juices spilled over Kim's breasts, at which point Kim exploded into orgasm herself. I had never cum that way in my life (and rarely that way since), and I slumped over Kim, exhausted.

It was then that I noticed the crowd was on its feet and applauding. Kim and I looked at each other, smiled, and burst out giggling. The M.C. was at the mike, milking our tryst for all it was worth.

"Have you ever seen a show like it? Only at the Foxy Lady! Come back next weekend!"